

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner  
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner

## MY WIFE AND I.

My wife and I, in the April weather,  
Turned from the parson's parting word;  
And our hearts were as light as the downy  
feather  
That falls from the wing of the woodland  
bird.  
And all our songs died out in laughter;  
And every sound into cadences fell  
Around our pathway, followed after  
By lingering echoes musical.  
For we were young; and the dim, uncer-  
tain  
Future concealed each sob and sigh.  
Small time had we for lifting the curtain  
In search of sorrow—my wife and I.  
In the sunny days of the summer weather  
We toiled onward hand in hand.  
And in life's fallow-fields together  
Wrought at the duties we had planned.  
And children came unto us, leaving  
Jewels of joy around us strewn.  
By their little hands, so busily weaving  
The thread of their lives into our own.  
What cared we if the blue and the splen-  
dor  
Of heaven were hidden by clouds in the  
sky?  
For love had eyes that were blue and ten-  
der,  
And heaven enough for my wife and I.  
In the days of the mellow autumn weather,  
When fields and skies were growing gray,  
We still fared on, indifferent whether  
The end was near, or far away.  
Our children now were men and women;  
And round us, in ripened clusters, hung  
Fruits of the faith that blossomed, dim in  
The distant days when we were young.  
Old hopes that had run the way before us  
Stumbled and fell, and we passed them by  
For the grasp of the new ones, bending o'er  
us  
And beckoning onward my wife and I.  
And now we have reached the winter  
weather.  
When nights are long and days are cold,  
The snow lies white on hill and heather;  
And we are feeble and faint and old.  
And so she nestles a little closer,  
Holding me fast with a strange caress;  
And I am content in the faith that shows  
her  
Regions of infinite happiness.  
Out of the future voices call us!  
Out of the past there comes a cry:  
When will the present cease to enchain us  
And throne us forever, my wife and I?  
O love that laughs at wind and weather!  
O faith that fills all time and space!  
Ye are the links that bind together  
The rarest virtues of the race!  
In your domain youth is immortal;  
For through the wrinkles time hath run,  
We see, just passing love's glad portal,  
The same sweet face we wooed and won.  
And all your paths lead up, till even  
Before the end they reach so high  
'Tis only a step to the bliss of Heaven  
From the bliss of earth for my wife and I.  
—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

## THEIR IDEALS.

Characters: A pretty girl and a nice fel-  
low.  
Scene: The grounds of the Crystal Pal-  
ace: a shady walk just outside the glow-  
lights where the band is playing.  
Time: A summer evening.  
HE—Shall we sit here? It's out of  
the crowd, and we can hear a bit  
of the music.  
SHE—If you like. You'll find it dull.  
(They sit down.)  
HE—Why should I? Do you mean  
you won't talk?  
SHE—O dear no! I always do. I can't  
help it, you know.  
HE—We all like to do what we do  
well, naturally.  
SHE—That is why you choose to be  
sarcastic.  
HE—I see you mean to quarrel. Now  
we shan't be—  
SHE—(petulantly)—For goodness' sake,  
don't!  
HE—"Dull," I was going to say—pon  
my honor.  
SHE—(sarcastically)—I didn't think  
you had so much humor. Pray don't  
exhaust all your stock on me.  
HE—(airily)—I can afford to. I can  
use it all over again when I get a sym-  
pathetic audience, you know.  
SHE—(drawing lines on the gravel with  
her parasol)—Such as Bessie Newton.  
HE—Yes, Bessie would do nicely. (She  
tosses her head.) Though I don't know  
that she's exactly my sort.  
SHE—Was that why you paid her so  
much attention last night?  
HE—(bitterly)—Did I? I should have  
thought that you were too much en-  
grossed with Capt. Bland to have no-  
ticed.  
SHE—(enthusiastically)—O, you've no  
idea how interesting he is. He told me  
all about India and all sorts of places.  
It was quite like Kipling!  
HE—Um! I didn't know Kipling was  
exactly the thing for ladies. (Twirls  
his mustache savagely.)  
SHE—I think he is charming.  
HE—Which?  
SHE—Kipling, of course; but I meant  
Capt. Bland. (Thoughtfully.) But  
I don't know that he's exactly my ideal.  
HE—(eagerly)—I should like to know  
who is.  
SHE—He's some abstract person at  
present—my ideal. I don't suppose I  
shall ever come across him. (Sighs.)  
HE—What would he be like?  
SHE—Well, I can't describe him pre-  
cisely; but he'd certainly be fair-  
light hair and mustache and blue eyes.  
(He was dark.)  
HE—Um! He'd look rather woman-  
ish, wouldn't he?  
SHE—O, dear no! He'd have to be big  
and tall—about six feet two. (He was  
five feet nine.)  
HE—Handsome, of course?  
SHE—Well, not exactly. Big, irregu-  
lar features and very commanding. (He  
was regular featured and quiet man-  
nered.)  
HE—(nearly snapping his stick across  
his knee)—I see.  
SHE—(emphatically)—He must be a sol-  
dier, or a sailor, or a traveler—some-  
thing bold and daring. (He was on the  
stock exchange.)  
HE—And clever, I presume?  
SHE—Not particularly. I don't care  
for a man to be clever. (He was.) They  
talk such a lot. (He did.)  
HE—He would take you by storm, I  
suppose?

SHE—Not at all. He would be shy and  
bashful—quite afraid of poor little me.  
(He wasn't.) He would let me say and  
do just what I pleased, and treat him  
ever so badly. (He wouldn't.)  
HE—And be awfully jealous? (He  
was.)  
SHE—O, no! That would be a fearful  
confession of weakness.  
HE—A sportsman?  
SHE—Certainly; shooting, you know,  
and hunting, and all that sort of thing;  
not games—they're childish. (He was  
a cricketer and footballer.)  
HE—(wearily)—Anything else?  
SHE—Well, he would be just perfect.  
But (sighs) he probably wouldn't want  
me. (He did.)  
HE—(angrily)—He would want an  
ideal woman.  
SHE—(playing with her glove-fasten-  
ings)—Yes, probably. (With anima-  
tion.) Now tell me your idea of one.  
(He shakes his head.) O, do! You  
might be interesting for once.  
HE—(moody)—I should like to be.  
Well, she would be dark and tall; deep  
brown eyes and almost black hair (she  
was blond and petite), with finely-  
chiseled, pale features. (She was  
piquant and pink.)  
SHE—O, how—ghostly!  
HE—(solemnly)—Stately and sedate.  
(She was brimful of mischief.)  
SHE—How—dull!  
HE—Very gentle—and silent.  
SHE—(hastily)—No woman is. (She  
wasn't.)  
HE—(rapturously)—Ah, but she would  
be. Very trustful and affectionate;  
above flirtation, or tormenting her  
lover by pretending to flirt. (She  
wasn't.)  
SHE—(biting her lip)—Insipid!  
HE—Ah, no! She would be well-  
read and thoughtful. Perhaps she  
would write.  
SHE—(savagely)—Dialogues and such  
rubbish? (He did.)  
HE—(gravely)—Philosophy, more  
probably.  
SHE—How stupid—and—and—mascu-  
line.  
HE—(abstractedly)—She would be a  
living example of a noble, loving—  
(She twirls her parasol angrily, and lets  
it drop; he hastily picks it up and  
drops his stick. She gives the latter  
a push with a very small foot, but fails  
to send it out of his reach. They both  
laugh.)  
SHE—Isn't it terrible that we should  
be here, wasting our time with such  
unrealistic persons!  
HE—(cheerfully)—Well, there's at-  
traction between opposites.  
SHE—In what way?  
HE—(meaningly)—Between the op-  
posite of your ideal and the opposite  
of mine—I hope.  
SHE—You couldn't possibly be at-

"YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTING FOR  
ONCE."

tracted by the exact opposite of your  
ideal.  
HE—(stealing his arm along the back  
of her seat)—I could easily change my  
ideal.  
SHE—(hesitatingly)—I believe you only  
made it up as you went along.  
HE—And you didn't?  
SHE—Well—a little—perhaps.  
HE—I meant the part about flirta-  
tion.  
SHE—I meant it about the devo-  
tion.  
HE—And anything else? (His hand  
drops on her remoter shoulder.)  
SHE—No—I—you mustn't—I must be  
going.  
HE—Miss Mathers—Trix—I only  
talked to Bessie because you flirted  
with—  
SHE—(quickly)—No, I didn't, really.  
I don't care for him at all.  
HE—(putting his arm around her)—  
Do you care for me, Trix?  
SHE—(fluttering)—O, you mustn't! O,  
please—!  
HE—(passionately)—Trix—little one  
—I do love you so. (She drops her head.)  
Haven't you my answer, dear? (She  
steals a little gloved hand into his.)  
—Black and White.

## Four Wedding Rings.

Four wedding rings were used on  
the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots  
with her cousin, Henry Stewart, Lord  
Darnley (son of the earl of Lennox by  
his marriage with a granddaughter of  
Henry VII. of England), which was cele-  
brated at Holyrood on the 25th of  
July, 1565. An instance of several  
wedding rings being used at a marriage  
is related by Buscard. At the mar-  
riage of a daughter of Pope Innocent  
VIII. to Lewis of Aragon, marquis of  
Geracio (January 3, 1492), the pair ap-  
proached the pope, and both being on  
their knees, the husband put the ring  
on the proper finger of the left hand of  
the spouse, then several rings on the  
other fingers of both hands.—Cincin-  
nati Enquirer.

## The Great Constantine.

Constantine the Great was not a saint.  
He murdered his wife, one or two of  
his sons, a considerable number of his  
other relatives, and was guilty of a  
score of assassinations and murders.  
He was a Christian only in name, and  
seems to have known little or nothing  
of the religion he professed.—Chicago  
Inter Ocean.

## HIS WIFE MAKES HIM WORK.

Good Luck Dates from His Marriage  
to a Muscular Woman.

"Get me a wife," was the strange re-  
quest made of the agent of the North  
American Transportation and Trading  
company at Fort Cudahy one day last  
spring by an indolent miner named  
Mat Simpson.

"What kind of a wife do you want?"  
asked the agent.

"Any one, so long as she's white, can  
speak English, and is not afraid to  
work," replied Simpson.

Simpson had struck a good claim,  
but would only work it enough to keep  
him supplied with dust for drinking  
and gambling purposes. So long as he  
had an ounce of gold left he would  
spend his time in carousing, and when  
full of whisky was ugly and dangerous.  
The agent at Fort Cudahy thought it  
would be a pity for any woman to get  
such a worthless chap for a husband,  
but he communicated Simpson's order  
to the purser of the next boat that came  
along, and was surprised to hear him say:

"I know the very woman for him.  
I'll bring her up on the back trip if he  
will advance the fare."

Simpson put up the money, and on the  
return trip the purser escorted ashore  
a stalwart woman of 40 years who had  
been working as a cook in a camp down  
the river. The prospect was short.  
Simpson had good prospects and the  
woman knew it. They were married in  
due form and went to keeping house at  
once. For two days Mrs. Simpson did  
not interfere with her husband's com-  
ings and goings, but on the third morn-  
ing, when he gave signs of starting for  
the saloon, she put herself before the  
door and said:

"Take your tools, Mat, and go to work  
in the shaft."

Mat was foolish enough to say that  
he hadn't married a woman to be bossed  
by her. When he recovered his senses  
he had two black eyes, a bruised nose,  
and a big lump on his head. Without a  
word he shouldered his tools and went  
straight to his claim, Mrs. Simpson fol-  
lowing to see that he did not get off the  
road. For three months he worked  
hard, and when he asked the agent to  
take care of a little matter of \$60,000  
for him he said:

"That's a fine woman you brought me  
for a wife. She's the best in the coun-  
try."—Chicago Tribune.

## WILLING TO WAIT.

Singular Exhibition of Politeness  
Witnessed in a Dentist's Office.

It was in the dentist's office. Three  
women, two girls and a man were in  
the waiting-room, with uneasy expres-  
sions on their faces. One of the girls  
held her hand to her face, and was com-  
forted by a companion. The man sat  
grim as a sphinx. The women were si-  
lently mournful. In the front room  
the dentist was working on a patient.  
Yowls of a more or less subdued char-  
acter issued at intervals from the spot  
where he was playing his "jimmy" and  
"ice tongs" and the women shivered and  
looked toward the door. The girl with  
the swollen jaw said to her companion:  
"Oh, I do wish he would hurry up."

One of the women said to another of  
her fellow-sufferers: "Isn't it strange  
that a person has to wait so long in a  
dentist's office?" The answer was:  
"It's perfectly terrible, ain't it?"

Suddenly there was a louder howl  
from the front room than usual. Just  
then the office door opened and a young  
fellow came in with his hand to his jaw.  
He took a seat among the mourners and  
waited. In a few seconds the dentist  
came out in the waiting-room and said  
with a baleful smile: "Who is next?"

The man pointed to the women with  
heroic politeness. The women indicat-  
ed the girl with the swollen jaw. Just  
then the author of the heartrending  
yowls from the front room made her  
appearance. She was red-eyed,  
and tozzy as to hair. She had been  
weeping. The waiting girl with the  
swollen jaw turned to the young fellow  
who had just come in and said:  
"I guess you may take my turn for a  
little."

The young man arose, and, with a  
gesture betokening the courage of des-  
pair, entered the lion's den.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

## Some Passing Fashions.

Blue canvas gowns of open mesh,  
with green silk linings, are decidedly  
smart.

Though the tip-tilted hat is said to be  
going out, it certainly retains its hold  
on feminine fashions a long while.

The cloakings for next season will  
show in about equal numbers smooth  
and rough-faced effects. Fancy boucles  
in novel patterns have been in demand  
for the early fall cloaks, but there is a  
likelihood that smooth goods will pre-  
dominate in the more elegant garments  
made up for later sale.

A pretty garment to be worn with a  
dark skirt for street wear in the early  
fall is the Russian blouse. An exceed-  
ingly smart one is made of clerical red  
cloth. It fastens at the side with three  
or four large and handsome buttons.  
A belted garment is becoming to all  
unusually stout figures and much popu-  
larity is predicted for the Russian  
blouse.—Chicago Record.

## Raw Potato Dumplings.

Pare 12 medium-sized potatoes and  
soak them one-half hour in cold water.  
Grate and at once squeeze out all the  
water possible by putting into a coarse  
bag; remove when well squeezed and  
pour a little boiling water over. Take  
two slices of bread, cut in diamonds,  
and fry a nice brown, after which stir  
them into the scalded potato; salt to  
taste, form into a round ball, and boil  
or steam one-half hour.—Ladies World.

## Salad Dressing.

A very delicious salad dressing for  
those who do not like the taste of oil is:  
One beaten egg and one teaspoon-  
ful each of sugar, salt and mustard  
rubbed smooth. Add eight teaspoon-  
fuls of vinegar, and cook in a double  
boiler to a thick custard. After taking  
from the fire thin to the proper con-  
sistency with cream.—N. Y. Post.

## CHIPMUNKS ROUT A SNAKE.

It Was Making a Meal of One of Them  
When the Others Rescued It.

"I saw one of the prettiest fights of  
my life up at Pompton Plains last  
week," said Fred Bullitt, of Newark.  
"I was in a boat fishing for bass when  
my attention was attracted by my wife  
to a snake on the shore. It was a com-  
mon blacksnake less than five feet in  
length, and it was hanging head down-  
ward from a button bush at the edge of  
the lake. Its back shone like peacock  
coal as its head swung to and fro over  
the water."

"It is admiring itself in the water,"  
said my wife.

"More likely it is watching for  
fish," I said, and just then I saw what  
the snake was really after. A chip-  
munk ran from under a log and in a  
flash the snake seized it by the head and  
at the same time lost its hold on the  
bush and dropped into the water. It  
quickly swam ashore, dragging the  
young chipmunk with it, and delibera-  
tely began to swallow the chipmunk  
without attempting to crush it. The  
chipmunk's head had entirely disap-  
peared when a diversion was created by  
an older and larger chipmunk that  
jumped upon the snake's back and off  
again in a flash. This was repeated half  
a dozen times and the snake writhed and  
lashed its body around.

"Meanwhile our boat slowly drifted  
within six feet of the struggle and  
grounded there. Then I saw that the  
snake had been cut in half a dozen  
places by the sharp teeth of the little  
squirrel and was trying to get rid of the  
one it had tried to swallow. It seemed  
to have difficulty in this, and before it  
succeeded in ejecting it still another  
chipmunk arrived on the scene and at-  
tacked the writhing snake. The two lit-  
tle ground squirrels acted as if they  
had seen snakes before and knew just  
how to tackle them. They sprang on  
and over the snake, resting but an in-  
stant to inflict a bite and avoiding the  
lashing tail. The snake seemed to have  
but one notion and that was to get rid  
of its prey so that it could defend itself  
or run. Finally, with a fling of its  
head, the snake got rid of the little  
chipmunk, and I expected to see it show  
fight, but instead it glided away as fast  
as it could in its lacerated condition.

The two old chipmunks then turned  
their attention to the little one, which  
did not seem to be much the worse for  
its adventure. The old ones licked it  
all over and showed genuine delight  
over its escape. Suddenly they were  
startled by a movement of my wife and  
all three scampered under the log."—  
N. Y. Sun.

## WILL BE SAVED BY A SLAVE.

Old African to Use His Klondike Gold  
for His Former Master's Daughter.

Among the lucky miners in the Klond-  
ike is a former slave, a grizzled old  
African who bears the high-sounding  
name of St. John Atherton. He has dug  
out \$30,000 in gold, and has a couple of  
claims which may be reasonably ex-  
pected to yield \$100,000 more. He is  
probably the one man in Alaska who is  
planning to do a novel act of charity  
when the time comes for him to aban-  
don his mining work and return to the  
civilized world.

Before the war Atherton was owned  
by a Georgia family which had a large  
plantation near Atlanta. When he got  
his freedom he drifted about the coun-  
try doing odd jobs and finally struck the  
Yukon valley, where he got work as a  
freighter. The ex-slave had a hard time  
of it for years and when the Klondike  
excitement broke out he made his way  
to the gold fields. There he toiled in  
diggings which had been abandoned by  
white men until he found a paying  
streak, since which he has been accumu-  
lating money very fast. When asked  
what he intended to do with his \$30,000  
which he has now on deposit in Dawson  
City, Atherton said:

"I'm going back to Georgia and buy  
the old plantation."

"Buy the old plantation? Why, what  
do you mean?"

"When I was a slave my master was  
a rich man. He was kind to me and his  
daughter was just like him. Things  
didn't go well with him after the war  
and some years ago he had to mortgage  
the plantation. Since then he died, and  
his daughter is now living on the old  
place alone. The time is coming when  
it must be sold if the mortgage is not  
paid, and then she will have no home.  
What I want to do is to get back to  
Georgia next spring and buy up that  
mortgage. Then I will turn the plan-  
tation over to my old master's daughter  
and nobody can drive her away from it."

"But she won't like the idea of hav-  
ing one of her former slaves for a boss."  
"Huh! I don't want to be a boss. I'll  
just stay around and look after things  
for her like I used to. Somebody's got  
to do it and I know she'd rather have  
me than a stranger. It will take \$30,000  
or \$35,000, and the rest of my money will  
keep me as long as I live."—Chicago  
Tribune.

## Men Who Wear Vests.

According to the French traveler, M.  
Felix Dubois, the Tourages (one of the  
African races whom he describes in his  
book about Timbuctoo) wear vests.  
The rearing of horses, oxen and goats  
is their chief industry, the milk and  
flesh of these animals, with the addi-  
tion of dates, furnishing their principal  
nourishment. For the protection of  
eyes and lungs they adopt a head-  
dress of two veils. One, the "nikab," is  
rolled round the temples, hanging  
down in front to protect their eyes;  
while the other, the "litham," reaches  
from the nostrils to the edge of their  
clothing. The veils are never removed,  
even at meal times, and the garb has  
become so much part of them that  
any one being deprived of it is un-  
recognizable by friends or relatives.—  
Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Praise for the Sparrow.

It is urged that the sparrow is a  
benefactor to the farmer, because it  
feeds on the seeds of waste plants and  
weeds during the winter. — Chicago  
Tribune.

## FASHION NOTES.

Some Stylish Conceptions in Ladies'  
Headwear.

A beautiful shoulder cape is made of  
ruffles of silver-gray chiffon. These are  
lined with black, and there is a trim-  
ming of velvet ribbon elaborately em-  
brodered with jet. This trimming is  
in long tabs that extend from the yoke  
to the lower edge of the cape. There  
are nine of these tabs. Around the edge  
of the yoke there is a full ruffle of the  
chiffon edged with black lace about  
half an inch wide. The collar stands  
up around the throat and is made of al-  
ternating rows of chiffon and black lace  
edging.

The sailor hat seems to have come to  
stay. There is a larger style of this  
style of hat than any other in the mar-  
ket, and while the sailor is not as be-  
coming as some other styles, it is so  
convenient and manageable and always  
ready, for the average woman likes to  
have it about and will wear it even  
though some other style might suit her  
better.

A simple hat has a flat brim and  
slightly sloping crown, around which  
are fold upon fold of velvet and ribbon  
alternating. This trimming covers the  
entire circumference of the crown. At  
one side is a very large plaited fan of  
guipure lace stiffened with almost in-  
visible wires.

A simple and pretty hat is a fancy  
straw with medium height crown, and  
brim slightly rolled up at the sides and  
finished with a puffing of silk muslin.  
The crown is almost entirely concealed  
by corn flowers, a large cluster of which  
stands up at one side.

A stylish tourist's hat is in a modi-  
fied sailor shape with a brim of fancy  
braid. The trimming is of crimped  
plaitings of chiffon, which are arranged  
so as to be in the shape of poppies.  
There are three handsome wings at  
one side of the crown.

An effort is being made to do away  
with the wide-brimmed hat. How far  
it will succeed time alone can tell.  
Large hats are becoming to the major-  
ity of women, and the feminine inclina-  
tion is to stick to becoming things at all  
hazards.—N. Y. Ledger.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A Tender Tie Which Should Be  
Strengthened by Confidence.

The careful shelter of the girls of the  
stately colonial days in American his-  
tory is as possible with us to-day as it  
was in the olden times. Not in the let-  
ter, perhaps, but in the spirit. But be-  
fore we can bring back those ideal in-  
fluences it is necessary that we should  
return to one or two of the conditions  
which existed and made those influ-  
ences possible. Our mothers should be  
more familiar with their daughters  
than they are. The multifarious out-  
side duties into which women of this  
latter day have gone have not served to  
strengthen the tie between mother and  
daughter. If anything, they have  
loosened the relation. The colonial  
mother lived in her home; the mother  
of to-day lives too much outside of it.  
The daughter in the Knickerbocker  
home was the first thought of the  
mother; the daughter of to-day is all  
too often the last thought of her  
mother. Such changes in home affairs  
are not marks of progress. In fact,  
it requires a reading of old books some-  
times to see how little actual progress  
we have really made. More often, the  
wisest progress would be for us to go  
back a bit, and see whence we started.  
There are potent lessons for us in the  
past. Our grandmothers knew a thing  
or two. Some things they knew better  
than do their grandchildren.—Edward  
W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## To Preserve Sauer Kraut.

Select in November, when cabbage is  
ripe, nice large, firm heads, remove the  
outer leaves and core and shave the  
cabbage as fine as possible with a cab-  
bage machine. Cover the bottom of a  
well cleaned keg or barrel with cab-  
bage leaves, then put in one heaping  
bushel basketful shaved cabbage, sprinkle  
over a handful of salt, then stamp  
the cabbage down with a stamper, con-  
tinue with the cabbage and salt till the  
keg is full, stamping down each layer;  
allow one pound of salt for 20 large  
heads of cabbage, lay a piece of muslin  
over the cabbage and a board with a  
heavy stone on top the muslin. A good  
plan is to nail two boards together and  
saw them round in the shape of a cover,  
which should be about a half inch  
smaller than the top of the keg or bar-  
rel, so it will lay on the cabbage and  
press it down. Let the kraut stand 48  
hours, then see if the cabbage is cov-  
ered with a brine; if not, make a brine  
of salt and water, about two tablespoon-  
fuls salt to one gallon of water, and  
pour it over the cabbage. Place the keg  
or barrel in the cellar, and look at it  
every three or four days and see to it  
that the cabbage is always covered with  
a brine, otherwise it will not keep.—  
Brooklyn Eagle.

## Ginger Pudding.

A cupful of butter, two of sugar, one  
of milk, four of flour, one tablespoonful  
of ginger, one teaspoonful of saleratus,  
two of cream of tartar, four eggs; beat  
the sugar and butter to a cream, then  
stir in the eggs, which are well beaten;  
then the milk, and last the flour, in  
which the saleratus, ginger and cream  
of tartar are well mixed; bake in a  
pudding dish 45 minutes; serve with  
lemon or vinegar sauce.—Boston Globe.

## Tomato Pie.

Take ripe tomatoes, wash, peel, and  
cut into thin slices; fill a pie dish lined  
with good paste with them; sprinkle  
with sugar, and sift a little cin-  
namon and grated nutmeg over; add  
two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and one  
of lemon essence; cover with crust  
and bake.—Housekeeper.

## Dessert for the Children.

A simple dessert for the children's  
table is any dried and sugared fruit,  
like dates or figs, chopped and mixed  
with oatmeal, farina, hominy or other  
cereal, the whole molded and served  
with plain or whipped cream.—Leisure  
Hours.

## HUMGROUS.

—A Hedge.—She—"Have you ever  
loved another woman?" He—"Dear,  
you are the one woman in the whole  
world."—Philadelphia North American.  
—"I hope, Ophelia, that you are not  
so foolish as to call yourself a 'wash-  
lady.'" "Deed I don't, Miss May. I  
call myself a laundry-lady."—Indian-  
apolis Journal.

—Mrs. A.—"Is it true that your son  
holds the appointment of warden in a  
jail?" Mrs. B.—"Yes; but only crim-  
inals of good families are imprisoned  
there."—Tit-Bits.

—"I'll get the best of that confounded  
personal baggage clause." "How?"  
—"If I want to bring over \$500 worth of  
new clothes I'll make five trips."—Cleve-  
land Plain Dealer.

—A Modern Use.—Pease—"Well,  
there's the church bell. Castleton will  
be around in a minute." Hubbard—"What  
are you going to church?" Pease—"Oh, no!  
but that was to be the signal for our  
century run."—Puck.

—"I am afraid," said Maud, thought-  
fully, "that Willie Wibbles will never  
come here again." "Did he go away in  
a pet?" asked Mamie. "Well, some of  
him did. Just before he started my  
dear little Dachshund bit a piece out of  
him."—Washington Star.

—The New Rendering.—"Oh, dear!"  
sighed little Mary Gummy; "I wish I  
had as many little sisters as Nellie Fos-  
dick has, and as many toys, and a pony  
and cart and a dear little play-house on  
the back lawn!" "My dear," said Mrs.  
Gummy, gently, "if wishes were bicy-  
cles, we should all be scorchers."—  
Puck.

—The Object of Envy.—"Maggie—  
"Nellie, wot's all the crowd a-waitin'  
for?" Nellie—"There's a ambulance  
a-comin' wot's goin' ter take Bessie to  
the hospital!" Maggie—"My! She'll  
be fed on soup to streng'ten her, an'  
she'll get chicking an' beef an' vegeta-  
bles, an' maybe ice-cream. Wot made  
yer tell me for? It makes me feel des-  
perate!"—Truth.

—Wanted All the Facts.—"It may in-  
terest you, children," said the returned  
missionary, who was addressing the  
Sunday school, "if I tell you of an ad-  
venture I once had in India. While go-  
ing through a jungle I came face to face  
with a lion. There was no chance to re-  
treat, and I had nothing to defend my-  
self with. I stood perfectly still and  
looked the fierce beast steadily in the  
eye." "Which eye?" asked a breath-  
less little boy in the infant class.—Chi-  
cago Tribune.

## PIGEONS SHOW THEIR TRAINING.

Large Flocks of the Birds That Per-  
form Wonderful Evolutions.

Remarkable as are the results of  
training as exhibited in the speed of  
modern pigeons, they do not compare  
with the wonderful evolutions per-  
formed by these birds in the last cen-  
turies in Italy. There were at that  
time men who devoted themselves to  
pigeon training, and the art was sup-  
posed to find its perfection in certain  
families and to be handed down from  
generation to generation. The art con-  
sisted in training large flocks of pigeons  
to obey their owner and to perform cer-  
tain evolutions in the air. In the ear-  
liest days in India birds were trained  
to fight opposing bands. When a pigeon  
tournament was in progress the owners  
ascended some lofty building and con-  
ducted the performance by the aid of  
flags; and in obedience to their sig-  
nals flocks of birds of different colors  
would wheel, rise, dive and intermingle,  
to separate again and go through a  
number of interesting movements that  
were remarkable for their beauty.  
Prizes were offered for the most beau-  
tiful and novel figures. In India in  
early times, where the sport of pigeon  
flying originated, the object of the  
flights was often a sanguinary one, the  
owners of the various flocks endeavor-  
ing to accomplish the destruction of the  
others. Thus, the birds of one band  
would carry bombs with a fuse hanging  
to their claws, and at the command of  
their masters would sweep down over  
their opponents, and the bomb would  
drop among them and explode. Others